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A BIGGER MAN THAN THE JUDGE.

What is a magistrate of a municipal court that the District-Attorney of the County of New York should be mindful of him? Why should a judicial officer of national reputation, an orator on whose words a listening public hangs, a politician about whom editors write, the bright particular star in the reform constellation—why should such a man knuckle down to a minor judge on a question of law?

It is easy to get Mr. Jerome's point of view in the McCoy case. It is the blind and biased view of one whose clear vision has been obscured by notoriety and whose experience with authority has upset an equilibrium that was never too stable.

As Magistrate Crane said, with a sobriety and self-restraint that do him credit, it is not for the District-Attorney to decide as to the innocence or guilt of McLeilan. The law lies in the plain facts of the case. A citizen has been shot, probably fatally, by another citizen. Instead of delivering the guilty person up to the court Mr. Jerome, a prosecuting officer and not a judge, assumes the innocence of the culprit, shields him from arrest and throws about him the ample protection of the District-Attorney's office. He thus constitutes himself judge and jury in the matter of a most reprehensible disturbance of the peace and usurps to himself functions not his.

It is a very arrogant assumption of authority by one who appears to set himself jauntily above the law.

The "U.S." Coal Supply.—It appears that in the Manhattan "U.S." locomotive tenders a thin top layer of anthracite coal conceals the bituminous coal beneath. Some persons may suspect that the road's superintendent was engaged as a boy in packing apples or filling strawberry boxes. The boy is father to the man.

NOTHING TO SAY.

A remarkable feature of the illustrated Devery interview in The Evening World—which was promptly appropriated by every morning paper in the city—is the utter inability of the gentlemen whom he honored with his notice to make any adequate reply to his criticisms.

Indeed, most of the leaders are unable to make any reply at all, being apparently struck "dumb and speechless." The only coherent response comes from ex-Sheriff Dunn, who accuses Devery of base ingratitude to Croker and who says, "Why, Devery is the one man who lost the election for us last year. If it hadn't been for him we would have won hands down."

Has Tammany neither brains nor sand that it allows itself to be rated and ridiculed and jibed at and raked fore and aft with hot shot of scorn and sarcasm from a mere mutinous private and has never a word to say in reply?

Truly the present plight of Tammany is a sad one to contemplate.

The Question of Cost.—When all the Boer war bills are paid the cost to the British Government will probably reach \$1,500,000,000, or more than the total capitalization of the Steel Trust. Our little Philippine war is not costing us much just now, but we cannot tell what the "demolition total" will be until we begin estimating on the pension prospect.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A passerby in the neighborhood of Broadway and Rector street last night, finding himself enveloped in a dense and unusual cloud of smoke, hastened to turn in a fire alarm which was promptly and properly responded to by the Fire Department.

He was under the impression that such a volume of smoke could come only from a fire in one of the big and costly buildings around him, and his mistake was a natural one; it is shared by hundreds of thousands of others. He might easily have supposed that a little Mount Pelee had broken loose somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

Never before has the fair city of New York been so befouled and begrimed as it is now within less than two weeks after the outbreak of a strike that might easily have been averted by a little common sense and good will.

The Real Thing.—The promptness with which The Evening World's Devery interview was accepted as genuine by our esteemed contemporaries is as flattering as it is exceptional. It spoke for itself.

GETTING GREAT BY DEGREES.

The LL. D. season is now fairly open, and there is an active competition among the colleges, great and small, to secure proper subjects for the distinction. So keen has the competition become that almost any man who gets his name in the papers may find himself an LL. D. before he knows it. Prince Henry was LL. D. because his brother was an Emperor, Senator Hanna has just been made an LL. D. because he is a great statesman and Mark Twain has been honored for two good reasons—first, because he is an awfully good fellow, and second, because he was born in Missouri.

Varied indeed and miscellaneous are the qualifications which entitle distinguished men to this more distinguished honor. The wonder is how two LL. D.'s can meet each other without laughing.

A CHILD-WIFE'S SUICIDE.

When Mary Kolka, the pretty little blond seventeen-year-old factory girl, married Charles Denner, just a year or two older than herself and as swarthy as she was fair, there was every likelihood that it would be a happy match. That was only two months ago, and here is the bride, the honeymoon not yet over, a suicide in the river! It is a pathetic end. At an uptown theatre this week in "Frou-Frou" an actress of emotional capacity is exhibiting to a tearful audience the unhappy career of another child-wife, but we must regard the real life drama here as the stronger in pathos.

What was the trouble? The husband says "a little tiff at the breakfast table." It was probably nothing more serious; a husband's love, however fickle, does not wane in two months, and that is the only serious cloud that usually obscures a bride's horizon of happiness. But a sensitive child-wife unused to masculine moods may regard a "little tiff" as the blackest of storm clouds. If Mary had been less hasty and waited only till the end of the day's work! The dinner table would have brought the greater happiness of reconciliation.

As through the grain at eve we went
And plucked the ripening ears,
O, we fell out, my wife and I—
We fell out, I know not why—
And kissed again with tears!

But love is thorny and youth is vain and knows little of patience. The mood of the moment carries it away; it cannot wait.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HOT AIR.

The girl who's fond of flattery
Loves summer time so fair,
Because each warm day brings with it
Such lots of nice hot air.

POKER TERMS IN LOVE.

"When you called on Miss Smith, did
her father see you?"
"Yes, and raised me out."

AMENITIES.

Stella-Mabel has started a friend-
ship garden and she says she wants a
century plant to remind her of you.
Bella-That so? She told me she
wanted a rubber plant for you.

EGOTISMS.

"What are you thinking about?"
"Nothing worth mentioning."
"Egotist!"

SLANG TERM.

"So the dove of peace has lighted in
the Transvaal! I tell you the English
are a great nation!"
"Yes they beat the Dutch."

BORROWED JOKES.

SINGULAR.

"My entire clerical force went out on
strike yesterday," said Buffman.
"That so?" replied the caustic man.
"What was his grievance?" Philadelphia Press.

NOT SPORTSMANLIKE.

Mrs. Summers-I never knew my
husband to tell me a lie in his life.
Mrs. Winters-Gracious! Doesn't he
ever go any place where there's fish-
ing?—Yonkers Statesman.

PLENTY OF TIME.

"How come you allus sayin' it's hot
ez de place whar de devil live at?"
asked Brother Dickey of one of his
white folks. And then he added:
"Don't you know you come of a long-
life family, an' h'll be some time yit
'fo' you'll know fer sartin de how hot
it is down dar?"—Atlanta Constitution.

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

"Have you observed that man who
has been abusing you?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum,
placidity. "I've been watching him with
a great deal of interest. If I wanted
anybody abused I don't know but I
should hire him in preference to any-
body I know of."—Washington Bear.

SOMEBODIES.

ARNOLD, PRINCE—of Bavaria, will
come to this country, unofficially, in
September, to hunt in Montana.

CARUS, DR. PAUL—announces that
the Saxons, the Hebrews and the Chi-
nese, are the three most hardy races,
and that they will survive all others.
This may interest believers in the
doctrine that "the Chinese must go."

COLE, HENRY—of Denver, is to give
the Methodist Church of that city,
more than \$50,000.

HAGGERTY, CAPT. JOHN—the diver
who explored the wreck of the Maine
in Havana harbor, has just died in
Brooklyn.

MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR—is carrying
100,000 pounds of luggage on his visit
to the coronation. He may in time
equal the summer resort society girl.

MORTON, J. STERLING—Father of
Arbor Day, will have a monument
erected to his memory by the Ne-
braska City Arbor Day Memorial As-
sociation.

PERSIA, SHAH OF—who is visiting
the Kaiser, will not travel faster than
ten miles an hour on the railroads,
and has a suite made up principally of
detectives.

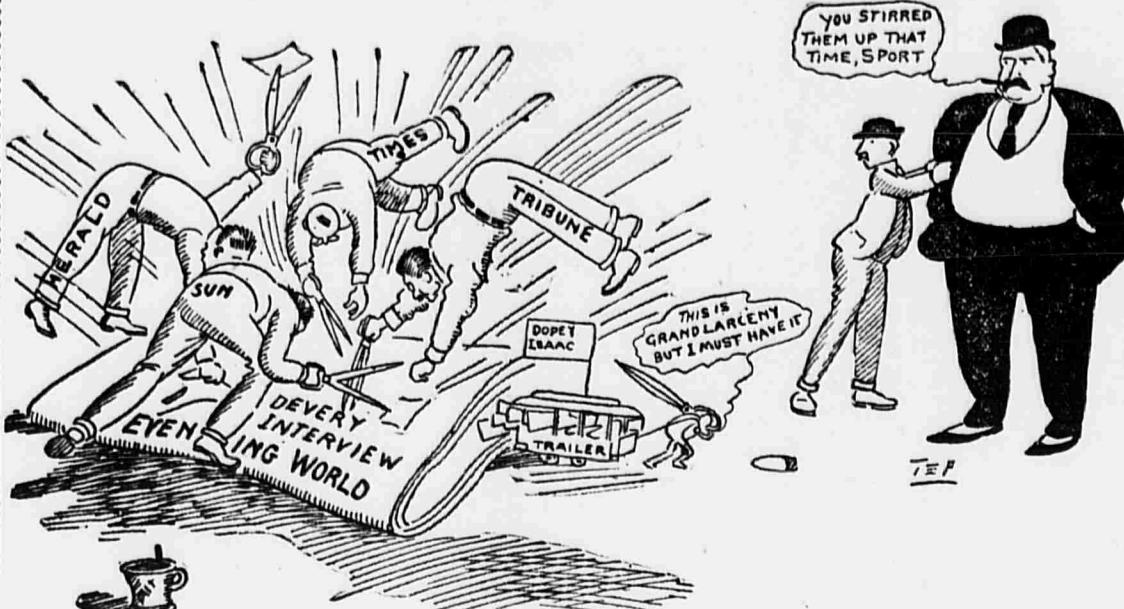
LOVE.

Let me but love my love without
disguises,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old
or new,
Nor wait to speak till I can hear
a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in others'
eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart
denies;
But what I am, to that let me be
true,
And let me worship where my love
is due,
And so through love and worship
let me rise;
For love is but the heart's immortal
thirst,
To be completely known and all
forgiven,
Even as sinful souls that come to
heaven;
So take me, love, and understand
my words,
And pardon it, for love, because
confessed,
And let me find in thee, my love,
my best.
—Outlook.

Makes Audience Wink.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am desirous of calling your atten-
tion to "pistol-firing" in playhouses.
For instance, take a conjurer; he must
use his pistol in order to make the eyes
of his audience blink, in order that they
shall not perceive how a certain trick
is done. Let me give a little advice
here. Place your fingers in your ears
and you will perceive easier how tricks
are carried on by the stage. Now, here
is an instance when pistol-firing is not
called for. A man scarcely having
placed his foot on the stage, fires off a
couple of shots for no reason whatso-

THAT DEVERY INTERVIEW.

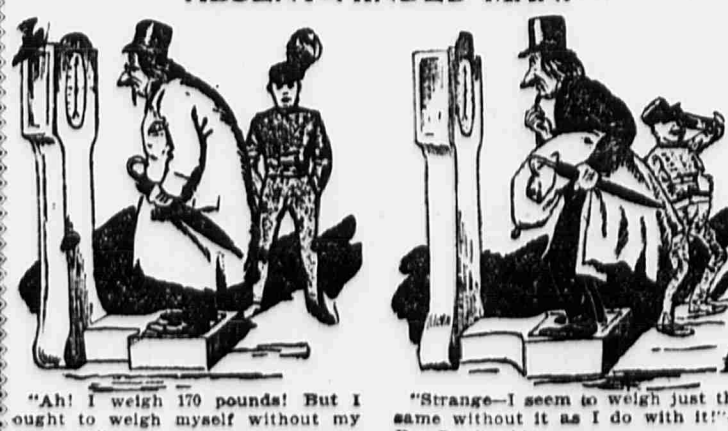


Sing a song of scissors; shears and paste-pot, too!
Four-and-twenty editors grab an interview,
Touchin' on and appertainin' to Bill Devery;
Isn't that a pretty sight for Tammany to see?

WHY HE DID IT.



ABSENT-MINDED MAN.



A NEW KIND.



"A white fox."
"Great Scott! From its length,
took it for a white dachshund, at the
very least."

EVEN AT HOME.



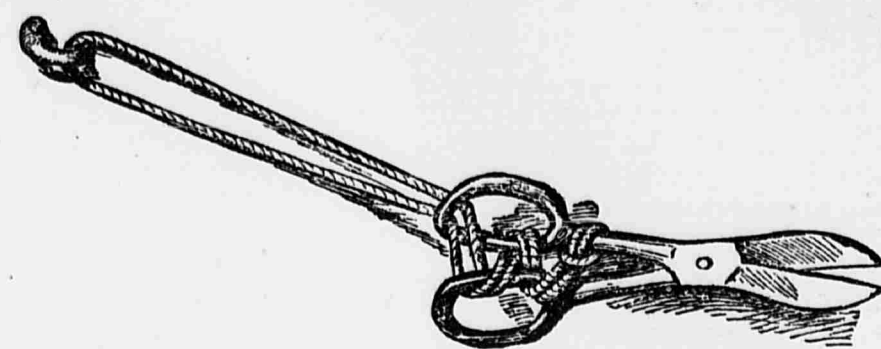
The Other Fish—Say, let's bunco him again. Here's a goldfish for him to put with his bricks.

DESCRIPTIVE.



ODDITY CORNER.

ORIGINAL GORDIAN KNOT. UNTIE IT.



A farmer named Gordius was chosen ruler of Asia. He took his pruning shears to the temple in his capital and tied them to a staple on a pillar with an intricate and original knot whose ends could not be seen. It was then announced that whosoever could untie the Gordian knot should be Emperor of Asia. At last Alexander the Great made the attempt. Failing to untie it, he drew his sword and cut it. A writer in the Pittsburgh Gazette says the knot can be untied. Prove yourself cleverer than Alexander the Great by doing it. Take any kind of ordinary scissors and a string after the manner shown in the sketch.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

And How the Boston Man Profited by It.

The other night a young west-sider took a Boston friend of his calling on a young lady. In the course of the conversation the subject of hold-up men was mentioned.

"You want to be careful," said the young lady, "for there are two men who have been terrorizing the city. One is a long man and one is short. They walk in dark streets and when they see their victim approaching one takes the outside of the sidewalk, the other takes the inside. So, you see, the man has to pass between them and they fall on him and beat and rob him."

The young visitor from Boston laughed at the warning. From his tone it was evident that he thought she was trying to frighten him, says the Chicago News.

The next day the native went around to see the easterner at his hotel. He found him in bed, with his head bandaged. "Great Scott! What's happened?" asked his friend. "You look as if you'd met the long man and the short man."

"I have," ruefully remarked the Bostonian. "After I left you last night I hurried in the direction of my hotel, thinking of the warnings you and the young lady had given me. I came without a mishap to the street that runs along the side of the hotel. You are aware of the intense darkness which envelopes that place at midnight. Suddenly I discovered two men approaching. I had been congratulating myself upon my safe arrival, but the appearance of those men tailed so closely with that of the robbers whom you warned me against that I became alarmed."

"A bold course suggested itself. It was to make a sudden dash between them and pass them at full speed before they were aware of what had happened. I put down my head and dashed forward."

"Well," queried his friend. "When they brought me to in the corner drug store and I asked for explanations they told me that the long and short pair were hotel porters. When I attempted to charge past they were carrying a large trunk between them."

GAVE HIM HIS HEAD.

"Now, there," said the shoe salesman, "is just what you want."

"Is it?" asked the prospective customer. "I thought I said—"

"Just let me put it on," interrupted the salesman.

"But it is my recollection"—

"Couldn't have a better fit," broke in the salesman. "Everybody is wearing them, and they're a bargain."

"Oh."

"Let me put on the other." Then, after a moment: "There you are, sir. Couldn't be better. Three-fifty, please."

"For what?"

"For the shoes."

"But I don't want the shoes. You asked me to let you put them on, and I was courteous enough to let you do it. I always try to be obliging. You said they were just what I wanted, but that was your judgment, and I'm accustomed to back my own. Now, if you've had all the diversions in this matter that you desire, let me please trot me out a pair of broad-toed, soft-tipped shoes, according to the plans and specifications I gave you when I came in, and perhaps we can do business. I have found by experience that the only way to get what one wants from a shoe clerk is to let him have his own way for the first fifteen or twenty minutes and then he may become tractable."

Chicago Post.

A PROLIFIC TREE.

A Tennessee paper announces that out of a single tree in Dyer County a citizen had got four cords of hewwood, three gallons of honey and five raccoons.

THE MAKE-UP OF A CONSUL.

A Consul is, in a certain sense, the representative of his country. To the people among whom he is stationed and to the local authorities he is the impersonation of his Government. He should be a man of dignity, of self-possession, of good address and bearing, of tact and discretion, says The Forum, who should command the respect and confidence of foreign merchants and officials, and should be honored even by his travelling countrymen. These qualifications cannot be determined by a civil service examination, but they are matters which should receive careful consideration. Hence, the President must be allowed some discretion in making a selection from among those whose names are presented to him by the Board of Examiners.

When Prince Gortchakoff was at the head of the Russian Foreign Office, the candidates for the diplomatic service, after passing the examination, were always granted an audience with His Excellency, who then made a final decision by observing the manner in which they entered the room, the way in which they addressed him and their general deportment during the interview. A Consul may know all about invoices and ships, and also about seals and sealing wax, but if he be rude and undignified, if he lack savoir faire and savoir vivre, he could serve his country to better advantage in that obscure region known as "the classic shades of private life."

SWEETEST OF THE SWEET.

A curious check was presented to the cashier of a New York State bank recently. The check, which was for \$10, was made payable to "the sweetest of the sweet," and was presented to the cashier in the ordinary way. The cashier, naturally startled by the unusual expression in the body of the check, asked in innocence: "Who is the sweetest of the sweet?" "I am," replied the lady. "Kindly endorse it that way," said the cashier. She did. And, as her husband's account warranted it—for, like a prudent man, he had not overdrawn it—"the sweetest of the sweet" received her money.

AN ELECTRIC TRICK.



Paste a strip of tinfoil around the middle of a lamp chimney, and another narrow strip of tinfoil lengthwise from one end to within one inch from the other strip. Wrap a silk handkerchief or piece of silk around the chimney cleaner (the little brush) and rub the inside of the chimney industriously, being careful not to touch the strips of tinfoil with your hands.

If this experiment is executed in the dark an electric spark can be seen jumping from the ring to the strip as often as the broom is pulled back, says the Chicago Tribune.

Fasten a piece of wire around the tinfoil ring and on its end a few strips of tissue paper. By rubbing the inside of the chimney with the silk-covered brush the ring is filled with electricity, which passing through the wire affects the strips of paper, causing them to fly apart.

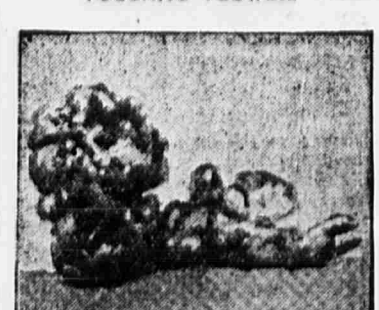
This experiment should be tried in dry weather, as humidity is disadvantageous to electrical experiments. Broom, silk cloth and lamp chimney should be absolutely dry.

A FAMILY GROUP.



The camera levels all ranks. Here are the King of Denmark and his two daughters, Queen Alexandra of England on his right and the Dowager Empress of Russia on his left, looking like a Third Avenue delicatessen man and his assistant chow-chow mixers and sandwich-makers. Nobody would ever imagine that royal blood was romping in their veins. And the negative has been considerably retouched, too.

VOLCANO FLOWER.



The Flor de Volcan is a curious blossom, if a gnarled piece of wood may be called a blossom, that is found only on trees that grow at the foot of a volcano. The blossoms form at the tip of the branch, and there are no leaves or bark on the tree. This specimen came from Guatemala.

FISHES THAT SING.

Many fish can produce musical sounds. The gurnards can produce long-drawn notes ranging over nearly an octave. So well is this fact known that the red gurnard has earned the name of sea-cock from the crowing noise which it makes. While another species is called a piper, says the Lake Seaman's Union. Others, notably two species of the ophidiid, have sound-producing apparatus consisting of small movable bones, which can be made to produce a sharp rattle. The curious "drumming" made by the Mediterranean fish known as the maigre can be heard from a depth of thirty fathoms, and the fishermen declare that the noise is produced by the male only.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Makes Audience Wink.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am desirous of calling your atten-
tion to "pistol-firing" in playhouses.
For instance, take a conjurer; he must
use his pistol in order to make the eyes
of his audience blink, in order that they
shall not perceive how a certain trick
is done. Let me give a little advice
here. Place your fingers in your ears
and you will perceive easier how tricks
are carried on by the stage. Now, here
is an instance when pistol-firing is not
called for. A man scarcely having
placed his foot on the stage, fires off a
couple of shots for no reason whatso-

ever. What use is there in startling
and half scaring to death a poor faint-
hearted person? There ought to be a
law stopping such uncalled for stage-
shooting. A man can be forgiven if he
shows the pistol before firing.
—CASIMIR STERLING.

Tea Grown in South Carolina.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
As to whether or not tea can be
grown in the United States for market,
I beg to say that tea is now raised for
market, though not on an extensive
scale, at tea farms located in South
Carolina about twenty-two miles from

the city of Charleston. I think the
owner, who is an analytical chemist,
analyzed the soil and compared it with
soil obtained from China. He then ob-
tained the seed for the experiment and
as a result reached the conclusion that
tea could be successfully grown in cer-
tain sections of this country. C. E. J.

The Cab Fare.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read a letter signed "John Cur-
rier" in defense of New York cabbies.
About the most correct statement there
is in where the writer says the cab
fares of New York City are \$1 per hour.

Even this is not strictly correct, as it
applies only to visiting and shopping
within certain limits and does not hold
good for rides in Central Park, River
side and other places for which special
rates are made. According to Mr. Cur-
rier it seems to be the same to the cab-
man whether he drives five blocks or
five miles. The absurdity of telling the
cabbie "where you wish to go and
when you get out hand him a dollar," is
too ridiculous to need expelling. Mr.
Currier has a very poor opinion of cab-
men. It is doubtful if the average cab-
man commits more "virtual robbery"
than the average tradesman. Either
Mr. Currier does not understand his
subject or he seems unwittingly to be
misstated his ideas.
F. GUY.